

DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

VOLUME XXXIV.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, JULY 6, 1905.

NUMBER 27

Published every week.
\$1.00 a year, in advance

"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."

Entered at the Post Office New York, N. Y.
as second class matter.

HOME, SWEET HOME.

[As published in 1831 by John Howard Payne.]

'Mid pleasures and palaces though we may roam,
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home.
A charm from the skies seems to hallow us there,
Which seek through the world, is ne'er met elsewhere.
Home! home! sweet, sweet home!
There's no place like home! there's no place like home!

An exile from home, splendor dazzles in vain;
Oh, give me my lowly thatched cottage again.
The birds singing gayly that come to my call—
Give me them, with the peace of mind dearer than all.
Home! home! sweet, sweet home!
There's no place like home! there's no place like home!

How sweet 'tis to sit 'neath a fond father's smile,
And the caress of a mother to soothe and beguile!
Let others delight 'mid new pleasures to roam,
But give, oh! give me the pleasures of home.
Home! home! sweet, sweet home!
There's no place like home! there's no place like home!

To thee I'll return, overburdened with care!
The heart's dearest solace will smile on me there.
No more from that cottage again will I
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home.
Home! home! sweet, sweet home!
There's no place like home! there's no place like home!

The Last Case of Corporal Punishment.

The old grammar school master looked rather thin and white that morning as he sat dividing his attention between his breakfast and his morning paper, and apparently getting little satisfaction from either.

"Well, it seems that they have done it!" he broke out, at last.

"Who have done what, papa?" asked his daughter Minnie.

For answer, Mr. Gilson read aloud, in a tone of deep disgust, a paragraph from the report of the school committee meeting of the night before:

"After considerable discussion, the committee voted to adopt the rule, which had been introduced at the last meeting and laid upon the table, prohibiting corporal punishment in the schools of the city."

"Oh, well, I wouldn't worry about it," said his wife soothingly. "You'll get along somehow. There must be other ways of governing a school."

"Of course, there are other ways, and I have used them. I hope you don't think that I have been carrying on my school by brute force. The fact is, I don't need the rod, but once in a while a boy does. It may save him from something worse. Why, looking back over my thirty year's experience in the Cushnoe Grammar School, I can recall case after case where a good whipping has worked wonders. For instance, when the present mayor of this city was in school—"

"Come, my dear, your breakfast is getting cold," interrupted Mrs. Gilson.

"The truth is," he resumed, after a few minutes' silence, "this thing is aimed at me. They think I am an old fogy, and want to get rid of me. Well, perhaps they had better have their way," and Mr. Gilson rose gloomily from the table, and prepared to go to his school.

"I think that those committee men are just as mean as they can be!" declared Minnie, when her father had left the house. "Old-fashioned or not, papa is the best teacher Cushnoe ever had, or is likely to have, and they ought to appreciate him."

"Your father wouldn't take things to heart so if he were well," said her mother. "That gripe is hanging round him yet, and he really isn't fit to be in school. No wonder he looks on the dark side of everything."

Mr. Gilson certainly looked on the dark side of school life that day. Right in his own room of ninth-grade pupils there seemed to be a conspiracy to set at defiance all the traditions of good government that had grown up there for years. And for once in his life the master could not cope with the situation.

"I suppose they are celebrating the abolition of corporal punishment," he said to himself. "They may be a little premature, for I have received no notice of the

committee's action. But I never yet punished a pupil because I did not know what else to do, and I shall hardly begin to-day. If I didn't feel so weak, and if my head wouldn't ache so, I could bring order out of this chaos in minutes."

"Master Parker, I am surprised at you!" he said, aloud.

There was occasion for surprise, for no one could remember when Guy Parker had been spoken to before by way of rebuke. Out of school Guy was brimful of fun and greatly liked by his mates. In school he was "a perfect gentleman," as Mr. Gilson had more than once assured Guy's father, the chairman of the school committee.

But to-day Guy seemed to be tampering with his reputation as the best boy in school.

"Master Parker, that is the third time that I have seen you pass a note," said Mr. Gilson, sternly. "It must not happen again!" And with patience almost exhausted he turned his attention to a division that was making sorry work of a reading lesson.

"You do not know what an anodyne is?" he said, sharply, to the overgrown boy who just then had the floor. "Haven't I told you always to look up the meaning of words before you come to the recitation?"

"I did look it up, but I forgot. Oh, I remember now! It's something to a sausage pan."

"What do you mean by that, sir?" thundered the teacher, while another giggle went round the room.

"That is what the book says, anyway!" muttered the boy, producing his pocket dictionary. Then, after a more careful scrutiny, he hastened to correct himself:

"No, I meant it's something to assuage pain."

"That will do. You may be seated," said Mr. Gilson, in no mood to join in the laugh that followed.

"Master Gray, was a note just passed to you?" I thought so. Hand it back to the person from whom you received it. Master Jackson, do the same. Master Parker, the same."

"If you please, sir," said Guy, "there is no one for me to pass it to. I wrote it myself."

"Very well. Bring it to me." With an air of bravado, quite out of character, Guy came forward with the note.

"You may go to the office, Master Parker," said Mr. Gilson, trying to speak calmly. "I will see you after I have finished my recitations."

But the last vestige of coolness left the old teacher as he glanced at the scrap of paper that Guy had laid upon the desk, and saw what had been scrawled upon it:

Old Gilly would like to lick somebody only he darsent.

He sprang from his chair and hastened after the departing culprit, and three minutes later another case of corporal punishment had been added to the record of the Cushnoe Grammar School.

Whatever Guy Parker's sufferings on that occasion may have been, they could hardly have equaled those of his teacher. As Mr. Gilson set out for home at the close of a miserable day, it seemed to him that he had completely spoiled the record of which he had been so proud. Never before had he lost control of himself before his school, or whipped a pupil in anger, or defied the expressed wishes of the superiors. And the boy who had suffered at his hands was the one of all the school that had most deserved forgiveness for a single lapse from good conduct.

For the first time the teacher was ready to acknowledge to himself that flogged was essentially a brutal measure, to which a teacher should be ashamed to resort.

But the fact that Guy's father was chairman of the school committee did not disturb Mr. Gilson in the least. In his present mood he was almost ready to hope that the committee would call him to account for what he had done, in which case he would surely resign. And thus would come to an inglorious ending his thirty years of work in the school.

He was somewhat surprised, however, after reaching home, to re-

ceive a message requesting him to appear before the committee that very evening.

"It's a shame for you to be obliged to go out at night!" said his wife, anxiously. "I wonder what that committee can want of you?"

"I can tell you better after I get back," replied Mr. Gilson, grimly.

When he entered the school committee's room in the city building he found all the members present, and the chairman at once proceeded to the matter in hand.

"Mr. Gilson," he said, "you have taught in our city for many years, without a break." At this Mr. Gilson bowed assent.

"And the time has come when the committee feel that they are willing to dispense with your service"—the old teacher caught his breath, but he looked the speaker straight in the eye—"for a few weeks," said the chairman, completing his sentence.

"The fact is," he continued, with a smile, "you need rest and an opportunity to recover health and strength; and we are going to give it to you, and force it upon you if necessary. The school was never in better condition, but we cannot afford to take any risks with our best teacher, whom we should find it so hard to replace. So we have unanimously voted you a leave of absence, with pay, for the next two months, and we expect you to devote the time to the business of getting well and strong."

"By the way," he added, quite irrelevantly, "there seems to be something going on in the hall above. Let's go up and see what it is." And at that the committee, without the formality of an adjournment, started for the assembly hall, taking the astonished Mr. Gilson along with them.

He was dimly conscious of a large company of people, young and middle-aged, of a hearty round of applause as he entered the room, and presently, of the fact that he was standing upon the platform, facing the mayor of the city, who seemed to be making a speech. And after some minutes he began to realize what the mayor was saying.

"I suppose that some of us old fellows would hardly recognize the school if we were to go back to it. Methods change and new ideas come to the front. I hear that even the old custom of flogging a boy when he goes wrong has been done away with."

"But some things do not go out of fashion. The qualities of mind and heart that have inspired your teacher stand the test of time and cannot be improved upon. And it is in grateful recognition of these that we, your pupils, present and past, have assembled here to-night."

"Mr. Gilson, we have heard it whispered that the school committee intend to give you a well-earned leave of absence from your duties, and it would please us much if you would spend the time as, in a sense, our guest. We ask you to accept this purse, which contains enough for a little trip across the water for yourself and family, and a visit to some of the countries we used to try to tell you about in the geography class."

"We wish you a pleasant journey, a safe return and many more years of splendid service in the Cushnoe Grammar School."

The morning paper gave the mayor's speech in full and it also reported the remarks of other gentlemen present. But one little speech, made later in the evening, escaped the attention of the newspaper man.

"Mr. Gilson," said Guy Parker, seizing an opportunity for a quiet word with his teacher, "I hope you'll forget how we all carried on in school to-day. We were so full of what was going to happen that we just couldn't hold in. And about that note. You see, I've heard so many people lately bragging about your having flogged them when they went to school that it made me feel envious."

"And all at once it came over me to-day that it would be quite an honor if I could say that I was the last boy that ever was whipped in the Cushnoe Grammar School. So I up and wrote that note, hoping that you would capture it. I thought that that would do the business, if anything would. You

won't lay it up against me, will you, sir?"

The old teacher, as he looked into the frank, merry face, forgot all the pain that the boy had caused him.

"It's all right, Guy," he said with a smile. "And I think you may rest assured that the honor, such as it is, will never be taken away from you."

THE LAST TRYST.

An old woman was walking up and down the long acacia avenue in the garden of the Home for the Aged—under the supervision of the Little Sisters of the Poor. She had her beads in her hand, and presently, kissing the silver crucifix, depending from the rosary, she made the sign of the cross. A Sister was sitting darning stockings in a little summer-house near by.

"Good morning, Catharine," she said as the old woman reached the door.

"Good morning, Sister," was the reply. "I wish my eyes weren't so bad till I'd give you a hand at the mending." "Twas I was fine at the needle once, but that's long ago. I'm good for nothing now but peeling the vegetables and sayin' my prayers." "And giving every one a cheery word," said Sister Beatrice, with a smile. "That counts for a great deal, Catharine. Sit there on the step and rest yourself."

The old woman sat down. She wore a coarse black gown, but her long gingham apron and the white silk handkerchief about her neck were scrupulously clean. Softly waving silver locks framed a sweet, restful face, that must once have been very beautiful.

"That is a curious crucifix you have there, Catharine," remarked the nun. "Perhaps it belonged to your mother."

"No, Sister, but to his." "His? I thought you were never married?" "Nor was I, Sister. Catharine Blake I was born, and Catharine Blake I'll die. But there was a boy I liked once, and he gave it to me when he left home."

"Twas on account of him I came to America."

"And why didn't you marry him, Catharine?"

"Sure, I never found him. My people wouldn't have me speak to him, if they could help it. He was shiftless, they said—and maybe he was. But he had a kind heart, and he was fond of me. He was a great singer, and he played the fiddle fine, and a better lookin' boy there was not in the whole barony."

"And you came to America looking for him? That was not wise, Catharine."

"He sent me the address of the place where he lived. I waited seven months till I learned enough money. I was at service with a farmer. When I had the money in hand I came."

"Without telling your people?"

"Without telling my people. My mother was dead long since, my brothers and sisters all married. And when I came to New York he was gone. And I never found him." "That was some time ago, Catharine!" said the Sister, glancing at the withered hands closed about the silver crucifix in the old woman's lap.

"Nearly fifty years ago—no less. But there's never a day since he gave me the cross I did not say my beads for him. I worked an' I worked, I went here an' I went there, but I never found him. There was a great take of gold in California in early days, and I came out, thinkin' maybe I'd meet him. But I never did, Sister dear, I never did, Blessed be the holy will of God!"

It was a strange little procession—inaugurating the Forty Hours'. Four of the least decrepit among the old men carried the canopy, while such of their companions as were able followed. Behind came the old women, the Sisters, chanting the Pange Lingua.

Suddenly from among the group of men a voice chimed in—feeble at first but swelling in volume as it gained courage. A flutter ran through the whole length of the procession.

Some of the men looked at one

another with a surprised and disapproving shake of the head; many of the women pressed their lips together, hardly able to restrain a smile. Catharine Blake walked at the end with her friend and comrade, Bridget Miles.

"God bless me!" whispered Bridget. "What old man is that? 'Twas a fine voice, though, Catharine."

Catharine put her fingers to her lips, and made no sound. But there were tears in the faded blue eyes, and the hands that wrapped themselves about the silver crucifix trembled as with palsy.

It was late in the afternoon before the old woman could waylay Sister Beatrice, for whom she had been watching. At last she saw her coming out of the chapel, where she herself had spent the great part of the day. "Sister, dear," she asked, "can you tell me the name of that man who joined in the signin' this mornin'? Is he here a long time?"

"His name is Arthur Donahue," said Sister Beatrice. "He is a newcomer—very feeble, but begged to be allowed to walk in the procession to-day. He meant no harm poor man, and his voice is remarkably good for a man of his age."

"That is so, Sister," Catharine replied, in a low tone. "But years ago it couldn't be beat in all Ireland. That's the boy I told ye of, Sister dear."

"Are you sure, Catharine?"

"Yes, Sister; that's the boy, I seen him. He hair is white now, and his face old, but it would take more changes than them for me not to know Arthur when I cast my eyes on him. Would you ask the good Mother could I see him, Sister? If he knew he'd be just as glad as me, I'm sure."

I will, I will, Catharine," answered Sister Beatrice cheerily. "Tomorrow morning we'll arrange it—and I'm certain, as you say, he will be as glad as yourself. What a strange, strange happening that you should find each other here, after all these years!"

The old women were leaving the refectory next morning when Sister Beatrice again sought Catharine Blake. Taking her by the hand, she led her into the garden.

Catharine," she said. "I have something to tell you."

"Yes, Sister," replied the old woman, with trembling lips. "You were right. He is the man you knew. Last night he was suddenly stricken and is now dying. It is paralysis. At first his mind wandered, and he called your name. Later he came to his senses and had already received the Sacraments. I will take you to him."

Catharine did not speak. Side by side the women entered the infirmary, where the old man lay dying. In a moment Catharine was leaning over him.

"Do you know me, Arthur?" she asked, wiping the tears from her cheeks with one old shriveled hand, while the other rested on his outside covert.

"Sure I do, Cathie," he said, quite calmly. "But where are your brown locks?"

"Gone with yours, Arthur," she answered, smiling through her tears. "And where were you all the time?"

"Looking for you mostly till I came to this good place."

"And I thought you went back on me! I thought it—God forgive me, Cathie, I—I was very bitter once—but I never married."

"You were not in New York at the place you told me, and no one knew where you'd gone, Arthur."

"I waited nigh seven months without tale or tidings."

"Twas my fault, Arthur. I should have come when you told me."

"No, but mine. I was too hot-headed, and a rover always—always from the day I was born."

"I knew your voice in the chapel yesterday."

"An' did you? Well, well. 'Twas a crazy thing to do, Cathie, but I couldn't help it. I had to sing out as I used to at home."

"Twas God did it, Arthur. Praise and thanks be to His holy name. After all our wanderin' we're together at last."

"Will you let her stay near me,

Sister?" asked the old man, with a wan smile, as he softly patted Catharine's hand.

"As long as she likes," said the Sister. "All day if she wishes."

"Then I'll never leave him, Sister dear," said Catharine, drawing a chair to the bedside.

Sister Beatrice went away.

"Do you mind this, Arthur?" asked Catharine, after a moment.

He lifted his eyes, and feebly extended his hand, chill with the touch of death. The fingers closed about the crucifix—he pressed it to his lips.

"My mother's cross! Oh, Cathie," he murmured, "yours was the brave, true heart, acushla, the loving heart—"

After that he spoke no more. People came and went, but Catharine neither heard nor saw them. Till the last fluttering breath faded away into silence she sat, her hand in his, the crucifix between them, token of a life-long human love, emblem of the love everlasting that was soon to encompass him; her quest forever done, her patience rewarded, faithful to the end—*Mary E. Mannix in Benzing's Magazine.*

Stolen Secrets.

Few inventions are at present worked secretly, as the patent laws now provide the protection which in olden times was wanting. One hundred years ago whatever a man discovered in the arts or mechanics he concealed. Workmen were put upon their oath never to reveal the processes used by their employers. Doors were kept closed, artisans going out were searched, visitors were rigorously excluded from admission, and false operations blinded the workmen themselves. The mysteries of craft were hedged in by precautions which now appear to be fanciful and silly.

But neither locks nor oaths availed against the ingenuity of envious or inquisitive rivals. One after another trade secrets were revealed until the wise patent laws did away with all necessity for secrecy. The secret of the manufacture of citric acid was stolen from an old chemist, who had a shop near Temple Bar, in London, by a chimney sweep, who dropped down the flue and took good note of the process.

The secret of the manufacture of tinware, which was discovered in Holland, and kept a secret for fifty years, was stolen by James Sherman, a Cornish miner.

The history of cast-steel presents a curious instance of a manufacturing secret stealthily obtained under the cloak of an appeal of philanthropy.

In 1760, a Sheffield watchmaker became dissatisfied with the springs in use, and after many experiments succeeded in making cast steel. In 1770, he had a large factory making this. The process was wrapped in secrecy by every means within reach—true and faithful men hired, the work divided and subdivided, large wages paid, and stringent oaths administered.

It did not answer. One mid-winter night, a traveler knocked at the gate. It was bitterly cold the snow fell fast, and the kind foreman gave the wanderer shelter from the storm. He sank upon the floor and soon appeared to be asleep. But in reality he kept his eyes open, saw the whole process, and when he departed in the morning he carried with him the secret of making steel.—*Etc.*

The Blood Tree.

In Mexico, there are many varieties of trees. Among others is one called the blood tree. The blood tree furnishes a sap which makes a beautiful dark red color. We all know that the cochineal was used for obtaining a dark red color, but we did not know that the sap of a tree could be used as a substitute. Those who seem to know say that cloth if dipped into the sap of this tree and put into the sun to dry, the color will be indelible.

A curious story is told about this tree. There was once a prince who loved gold and precious stones more than anything else, and although he was a prince he did not uphold the laws and protect his people, but hired the worst band of robbers and

thieves that were in the country, and he would disguise himself and go into lonely places where he would pounce upon rich people and rob them. His secret police kept him informed when rich people would be traveling. The prince would meet the robbers in a dark forest to divide the spoils, but he was smart enough to disguise himself so that the robbers did not suspect he was the prince. He would go into a dark grove to bury his treasures. He would take a slave to dig the hole where he would bury his treasures, and after the slave had dug the hole his master would stab him and bury him in the hole he had dug. The prince kept up this habit for a great many years and had killed and buried a large number of slaves, but that did not count for anything, because he had plenty more.

One day he started out with a slave, who was a brother of two other slaves, who had gone out on the same errand and never returned. After the slave dug the hole he made a quick spring, killed the prince with his spade and threw him in the hole and carried away the plunder. The trees that sprung up where these slaves had been buried had sap as red as the blood that was shed there. The story is given as the origin of the blood tree.—*Talladega, Ala., Messenger.*

He said "No."

At a Young Men's Christian Association Convention the following was told by one who had traveled 8,000 miles to attend the meeting: "My father was a rancher on a small scale in Australia. He was an English emigrant of sturdy yeoman stock, and while the free life of a shepherd had taught him tolerance and kindness, he remained true in principle to the strict lessons of his early years."

"The nearest neighbor or station was ten miles away, but the ranchman used to think nothing of riding twenty or forty miles to a centrally-located farm on Saturday, to spend the night in carousal, and ride back on Sunday. When the men came together once a week in this way, drinking and gambling seemed inevitable."

"At last it was my father's turn to entertain. He must invite the herders of the kraals and ranches within a radius of nearly fifty miles."

"'Boys,' he said to his two sons, my brother and myself, 'it's the parting of the ways. We either live as we have lived, simply in the fear of God, minding our business, paying our debts, if we can, saving our money if possible, and being cut by every man around here, or fall into the ways of our neighbors, and drink and gamble ourselves into perdition. I am not going to break your mother's heart, and I say 'No,' even if they burn us down."

"So it came about that my father and I divided the circuit between us, and I rode to the north and he to the south. To every ranchman this message went: 'Father invites you for Saturday and Sunday as usual. There will be no cards or liquor—only a quiet talk about old England and the welfare of the colony.'"

"We waited that Saturday afternoon with trembling, not expecting a single guest; but the whole section was represented."

"With mother opposite him, father said grace at the table, and we boys saw tears flow down rugged cheeks. That night the men talked long about bushmen, and rabbits, and fences, and drought, and how to stand by each other."

"The next morning, as he did every Sunday morning, father conducted prayers, this time before fifty of the roughest men I had ever seen assembled; and there was singing of hymns, broken here and there by sobs and by tears. When they parted, my father, although a recent comer, was the acknowledged leader of the community."

"That section became the most prosperous section in all the country round, and I thought if Christian courage could accomplish that, it was good enough to live and die by. My father's 'No' was the one thing needed to save that community, and it saved it."—*Youth's Companion.*

Deaf-Mutes' Journal.

NEW YORK, JULY 6, 1905.

EDWIN A. HODGSON, Editor.

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL (published at 163d Street and Broadway) is issued every Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

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DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL,
Station M, New York.

"He's true to God who's true to man;
Wherever wrong is done
To the humblest and the weakest
Neath the all-beholding sun,
That wrong is also done to us,
And they are slaves most base,
Whose love of right is for themselves,
And not for all the race."

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Deafness in Relation to Fear.

There is a story of a deaf and a hearing man making a wager as to which could go through a certain piece of timber known to be infested with panthers, wild cats and other wild animals, and to make the trip alone after dark. The deaf man won. Soon after the hearing man started on his way he began to hear all sorts of noises, made doubly terrifying by the darkness and stillness of night. Fearful howls echoed through the wood. Cries of the panther and calls of the coyote were answered from out the darkness, until the man was seized with such dreadful fear that he turned back forfeited his wager.

The deaf man, however, started in and went on his way, blissfully ignorant of every thing but his own presence, coming out on the other side to claim his wager, none the worse for his adventure. The story may or may not be true, but it might be and goes to prove that deafness under certain circumstances is an advantage.

The barking dog has less terrors for a deaf child, and no terrors at all if it is not seen. The deaf man goes blissfully on his way amidst all sorts of terrifying and distracting noises which would keep any other man on the uneasy lookout if not scare him out of his wits. He stands around a fire strangely unmoved by the mournful sound of the fire whistle, the calls of the firemen, the ominous crackling of falling timbers and the roaring of the flames.

While there is no instance on record from which to cite comparisons, it is very likely that in a railroad wreck he would be particularly useful because he could move around among the injured and gave them needed assistance, his inability to hear their pitiful cries making it that much easier for him.

Not that he would not be moved by the sight of suffering, but the means of the dying and the cries of the helpless are awful to hear and often unman the strongest hear, and these of course would not reach his ears. The analogy might be extended to the battlefield and if any deaf person has ever been a member of the Red Cross in active service, an account of his experience would make interesting reading.—*The Deaf Hawkeye.*

ATTENTION is often called to the fact that some sign-makers accompany their gestures with a distortion of the features painful to behold. This cannot be gainsaid; but did the reader ever think there is another side to the shield? Hearing people also makes grimaces, and they are more noticeable to the deaf than to the hearing, just as the grimaces of the deaf are more noticeable to the hearing than to the deaf—and for the same reason. A hearing man, unfamiliar with signs, sees no meaning in the signs, and concentrates his attention on the face; the deaf man, unless an expert lip-reader, sees no meaning in the vociferations of the hearing man and fixes his optics on the facial panorama before him. Our attention was first called to the fact by an observant young lady, totally deaf, who after commenting on the alarming facial contortions of a certain sign-maker, added, "Hearing persons also make faces, awful faces, which those who hear what they say don't seem to notice, but we who are deaf can't help noticing them."

So it seems honors are easy as far as grimaces are concerned.—*California News.*

There is no happiness in having or in getting, but only in giving: And half the world is on the wrong scent in the pursuit of happiness.

BALTIMORE.

A happy and quiet marriage took place at 1017 West Hopkins Avenue, Monday evening, June 28th, when Mr. William Pfunder and Miss Sarah Goldstein, both of Washington, D. C., were made one. Rev. Mr. Whildin officiated at the ceremony in the presence of several intimate friends, Mrs. O. J. Whildin, Misses Rouse and Stiegler and Mr. Flick. A bridal supper was served immediately after the ceremony, and the happy couple received several friends from the city later in the evening. They remained in the city over Thursday and spent the day at Tolchester Beach with a party composed of Rev. and Mrs. O. J. Whildin, Misses Steigler and Edelin and Messrs. Ruckle and Flick. The couple will reside at 333 E. Street, N. E., Washington, D. C. Mr. Pfunder is an employee in U. S. Agricultural Department, and is popular among his mute friends in Washington, D. C.

The beautiful out-of-town park, known as Gwynn Oak Park was enlivened by the presence of a large number of well known mutes of the city, Saturday, July 1st. It was the postponed picnic of Grace Deaf-Mute Mission, which was to be held on June 24th. The hard rain of last week made it necessary to postpone the picnic. Luckily there has been much rain, so several Sunday School picnics and excursions were thereby spoiled. The children got a large share of the pleasures. The committee in charge of amusements took pains to make it a success. All the children of the deaf parents and their friends got prizes. Several remaining prizes intended for the children were given to the older persons in contests which added much amusement. The day was not an ideal one, but the weather was not as bad as to prevent many from coming. Our genial Andrew Leitch provided a large box of bottles of ginger ale and sarsaparilla. There were also some funny incidents on the pond. Boating was a great attraction and nearly all had some pleasant experience to relate in spite of the drizzling rain.

An excursion to Ocean City, Md., is under way for the 4th of July, about ten comprising the party will go. The trip is made on the bay and then on land across the Eastern Shore, Maryland.

The Maryland State Association of the Deaf will meet in the first week of August. An excursion down the bay and picnic in Druid Hill Park are on the programme, the details of which have been announced, and a large number of mutes from outside of the city are expected to come to participate in the Reunion. The Reunion of the Western Maryland section of the Association will meet at Braddock Heights, near Frederick, Md., on August 11th.

Miss Annie B. Barry returned last week from New York, where she had been staying for about two weeks. She reported an enjoyable time, taking in the popular places in and near the Metropolis. She is now stopping with Mr. and Mrs. George Leitner, as her boarding place on 22d Street is deserted for the summer.

It is reported that George Brown of this city, a graduate of Gallaudet College last June, will go to Puerto Rico, this fall as a missionary under the Women's Missionary League of New York. He is to undertake the task of educating the many uneducated deaf-mutes in the newly acquired American island. We wish him success in this difficult task.

The convention of teachers of the deaf will meet in Morganton, N. C., in the second week of July. Rev. Mr. Whildin expects to go there, and take part in the Conference of Church Workers among the deaf.

The June number of *The Silent Church*, edited by John H. Keiser, made its appearance a few days ago and made an impression on us. It contains a sermon and half-tone cuts of beloved Rev. Dr. A. C. Powell, and a sketch a half-tone cut of Rev. O. J. Whildin.

Mr. George Schafer takes advantage of the holiday vacation by coming to town to visit his friends in the city. He stopped with George Flick Saturday and Sunday. Mr. Schafer holds a responsible position as an electrician in the Maryland Steel foundries. He also does designing work in the office. He knows everything electrically and takes to his business with much devotion and concentrated interest. The future promises well for him in the electrical field. PHLC.

PRESBYTERIAN NOTICE.

MADISON AVENUE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.

N. E. Corner Seventy-third Street.

The Sunday services are discontinued during July and August, to be resumed September 3d. Dr. Henry Sloane Coffin, who succeeds Dr. Johnston as pastor of the church, will conduct the usual service at 7:30 P.M., with the aid of an interpreter, and the Bible classes will meet at 8 o'clock.

Reading Room and Gymnasium open to the members and their friends every Thursday, from 8 to 10 P.M.

Edgewood Park, Pa.

Vacation was ushered in by the finish of the closing exercises at the Institution, June 28th. A good many of those who live near went home on 28th and the rest by noon the next day. It was a happy crowd that got away, for thoughts of home and vacation day made all feel good, of course.

As usual, closing day was the great day at school. The public were as usual and filled the assembly hall to overflowing. They continued to come until three o'clock altho the exercises began at two. A large number of the late comers cheerfully stood up during the programme, for there was only standing room. The fact that many of the attractive features of the exercises have gradually been eliminated does not seem to have any effect on the size of the audience. Excepting the three essays the exercises were oral and perhaps not one half of the large assembly could hear what was going on, yet everybody seemed pleased and thought the advancement of the school under oral management was wonderful.

Altho the graduates had not reached that stage of proficiency which allowed them to deliver their essays in spoken essays language, they were well written and reflected credit on the authors, and they were complimented therefor. The class exercises were wholly oral, so it will be seen we are gradually dropping sign-exercises and doubtless essays will be delivered orally ere long.

Features of the exercises were the Scarf drill and Physical Culture drill. Eight girls in white with red scarfs which they manipulated in perfect keeping with piano and voice accompaniment. Mrs. Burt was at the piano, and Miss Maud C. Brown sang while the girls went through graceful movements with their scarfs. This seemed to be the most pleasing part of the program. Miss Brown surprised her friends, for nobody had guessed she was anything of a nightingale. The physical culture exercise was conducted by Mr. Geddes and was well received.

Mr. Wm. Wade, of Oakmont, Pa., who has taken so much interest in the blind deaf, in fact, in all the deaf for that matter, was expected to be present, but did not put in an appearance. He sent, however, several baskets of flowers to the ladies who took part in the program and made them extra happy, of course. It seems Mr. Wade never tires of doing kind acts like this, and be sure there are many persons not only the blind deaf, but the deaf and hearing, have very warm spots in their hearts for him. It does one good, too, to see the vigor with which he stands up for his friends, or those he considers are not fairly treated. We like justice and fair play, and for these qualities Mr. Wade is a good champion.

A very large number of graduates and former pupils of the Institution were in attendance at the closing exercises; quite a number from a distance. Among those were: Scott Foreman, John McIntire, John Batson, Floyd Stoher, George Black, William Lamb, J. L. McMaxima and Vincent Dunn. We are always glad to see our old boys and girls come back to the school, and they seem to be happy when they come, especially when there is anything going on.

Miss Nannie C. Orr, a former teacher here and now of the Nebraska Institution, was a visitor at the school a few days before the close. She is visiting her sister, Mrs. Fred W. Fark, of West Pittsburg.

Dan Reichard stopped over on his way from Washington, a happy Senior, to pay his respects to *Alma Mater*. He looks well, and seems to take his work at college a very easy matter. He is doing our school credit, we think. He will have a companion from here next fall in the person of Philip Schroedel, who has just successfully taken the examinations for admission to Gallaudet.

Mr. W. L. Sawhill and family are now residents of Swissvale, adjoining Edgewood, where he works, they having moved from Taylors-town, last week. They are a welcome addition to our circle, and we hope they will always be glad that they decided to move in from the country, but it appears to us we would rather move out on a farm and get acquainted with Mother Earth again.

A reception was tendered Mr. and Mrs. William Friend at their pleasant home on Stokes Avenue, Braddock, Saturday evening, July 1st. The reception was conceived and carried to brilliant termination by Mr. and Mrs. Collins S. Sawhill and Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Davidson. Mr. Sawhill and Mr. Davidson have for more than a quarter of a century been friends and fellow workmen at the Bessemer Mills of Mr. Friend, and it was but natural they should want to introduce Williams' bride to the deaf people of Pittsburg and vicinity.

The reception was a great success in point of numbers present and in congenial entertainment. The commodious residence of the Friends was full to overflowing, there being about fifty invited guests present.

sent—too many to enumerate by name. There were about fifteen married couples, half a dozen other couples who wanted to be, and quite a number of "might have been." The bride was graciousness itself to all alike, and everybody seemed delighted with her charming personality.

The following feast of reason was served after the ice-cream and cake had been taken care of:

Our New Neighbors. Mr. Samuel Davidson The Bachelor's Greeting to the Bride.
Mr. Frank R. Gray Pennsylvania and Ohio United.
Mr. B. R. Allabough Who Next?
Mr. Henry Barlow Home.
Mr. G. M. Tegarden The Ladies.
Mr. Frank A. Leitner

It goes without saying, everybody left well pleased with the reception and with the bride who has come to make her home in our midst, and we bespeak for her many friends and much happiness in her new home on Pennsylvania soil, even though that particular spot is almost identified with Braddock's gory battlefield.

G. M. T.

Hooick Falls, N. Y.

Joseph Gero, of Adams, Mass., was in town recently, and in company with Silas Willette, called on some of his friends here.

The children of Mr. and Mrs. Martin M. Taylor are again the victims of sickness. This time four of them have scarlet fever, and Mrs. Taylor has all she can do to take care of them. We feel sorry for her.

A report was received here a few weeks ago that Charlie D. Gale, of St. Johnsville, N. Y., and formerly of this place, was married to an ex-pupil of the Rome School, on March 14th, by the Rev. Harry VanAllen. Mr. Gale is a graduate of the Institution at Malone, N. Y.

Robert, son of Mr. and Mrs. C. Z. Millman, surprised his parents and friends a few Sundays ago, by appearing before them with his best girl and presenting his mother with a certificate announcing his marriage to the pretty young lady by his side. Congratulations began to pour upon them as soon as the news became generally known.

Clayton Lortie spent Decoration Day in Manchester, Vt., and had a delightful time. He saw a huge ox, which had been stuffed and stood life-like in the barn on the premises where he was a guest. He was accompanied by his grandma, Mrs. Wilcox.

Mr. M. M. Taylor is now employed on the Howe farm adjoining his home, and likes it very much. He recently purchased a \$20.00 Jersey cow, a young pig and some chicken, and is well under way a farmer himself.

Silas Willette was in Troy some time ago, the guest of Mr. and Mrs. William S. Edwards, of Spring Street. He had a fine time, and reports them doing nicely.

Mrs. Willie Edwards was called to New Haven, N. Y., by letter, announcing the illness of her mother, Mrs. John Bracy. She will stay there for a while.

Mrs. Hattie C. Lortie entertained her niece recently and had a nice carriage drive, and a ride on the electric car to the cemetery, which is a lovely place in the Summer time. The young lady is a daughter of Mr. E. C. Lortie's sister.

Mrs. Alice Wilcox went to Troy Thursday to see a sick lady in the Hospital. Nelson Lortie accompanied her. They were surprised to learn that Mrs. Nelson Allen, the deaf-mute sister of Joseph Gero was a patient in the same hospital, and asked to see her. The nurse told them that Dr. Clayton E. Shaw had brought her there the day before, and she had just had a serious operation and was too weak to have company. They felt sorry to hear such sad news of her, and hope she will have a speedy recovery.

Silas Willette has gone to Malone, N. Y., for a short stay before leaving for Lowell, Mass., where he will spend the Summer with his mother, whom he has not seen for eight years.

Mrs. Hattie C. Lortie and her two boys, will spend the Fourth in Troy and Green Island, as guest of two sisters and other relatives of her late husband, nearly all of them men, employed by the Walter A. Wood Co., are laid off for the usual Summer shut down. Some of them have left town in search of employment in other places.

The writer was more than pleased to hear of the marriage of Mrs. Thomas Kelly, of Malone, M. Y., formerly Miss Olive Ladeau. Hope she will live long and be happy. Her husband is a hearing man.

The carpenters finished work on the house of the writer a week ago, and the painting will begin just as soon as the weather is settled. Nearly all the rooms have been papered and painted and settled down, and the rest will be finished as soon as the plastering is done. It presents a fine appearance inside and out, and is attracting considerable attention from passers-by.

BELLE.

Married

At No. 30 Portland Avenue, Delroy, Del., on the 28th of June, the wedding of July 1st, by the Rev. Austin W. Mann, Mr. Miles Standish Bassett and Miss Ernestina Grace Knoxe, both graduates of the Michigan Institution.

CHICAGO.

Events Past and to Come in the Windy City.

THE FRATS OFF TO DETROIT.

About the Club and Sundry Other Notes.

(From our Regular Correspondent.)

Rev. Mann will conduct services at about the same time and at the same place as before, on Sunday, July 9th.

The Committee of Entertainment composed of seven members of the Pas-a-Pas Club is working hard for the success of the picnic which will be held at Bergmann's Grove, on Saturday, July 22d. Admission adults, 25 cents; children under twelve, free.

The visitors who intend to attend the picnic should stop at the Club room, 75 South Clark Street, second floor, if they do not know the way to the Grove, and be escorted there by us.

Miss Florence H. Jones, of Flint, Mich., stopped here yesterday afternoon a few hours, on her way to California to her relatives for two months' visit. She will see her old friends at Los Angeles first, and then go to San Francisco and then to the Yosemite Valley, and stop at Portland, Oregon and the Yellow Stone Park, and St. Paul, Minn., and back to Flint by way to Chicago.

Miss Grace Knight and the writer enjoyed Miss Jones' lively chat until her train left at 10:30 p.m.

Our president goes to Lake Wauwasee, Ind., to day, to be the guest of Prof. N. F. Morrow for a few days, camping in the woods, fishing and cracking jokes, etc.

The delegates of the Fraternal Society of the Deaf, Chicago Division, named J. H. Geary, A. A. Bierlein, J. J. Kleinhaus, C. W. Kessler, Ernest Reineke, J. J. Piskac, Robert Powers, G. A. Christensen, start for Detroit to-morrow to attend the Second Annual Convention, and will be gone three days. Also the officers of Grand Division, Messrs. F. P. Gibson, Washington Barrow and J. P. Dahl will be there. The outside delegates going via Chicago are R. E. Cook, C. P. Coker, A. M. Martin, and H. H. Kohn, Missouri; Austin Baird and Leslie Vaughan, Illinois.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Kolthoff, 527 Chambers Street, South Haven, Mich., will be glad to rent their furnished rooms to the Chicago friends for the Summer, and give breakfast if they desire. They have a delightful place with plenty of shade trees around. The visitors can rest there a day or a week as they please.

Rev. Mr. Cloud will lecture on the "Lewis and Clark Expedition" at the club room on Friday evening, July 21st. Admission, ten cents, the proceeds going to the Illinois Home for the Aged and Infirm Fund, which has been already been incorporated by the laws of Illinois.

Felix Boerste and Rose Jirsa were married at a Nuptial Mass with all the rites of the Catholic church, and the Rev. F. A. Moeller, not by Rev. Reinke, as previously reported by myself. It was first reported by the Chicago correspondent of the *Deaf American* by mistake.

Messrs. Liebenstein and Gottheimer took advantage of Fourth July Excursion by going to Antioch, Wisconsin, yesterday.

It is learned that Mrs. Raffington fell down, and injured herself severely two weeks ago.

Mrs. Mary Simpson, of Sioux Falls, Dakota, was a guest of Mrs. Dougherty for one day. She was on her way to Atlantic City, N. J., to enjoy her long vacation.

Fred Neesam, supervisor of the boys and teacher of printing in North Dakota, is employed in this city as a shipping clerk for the summer. He will attend the Wisconsin Reunion at Delavan in August.

Frank Carroll's mother died last Sunday, in Kansas. She had been in poor health for a long time. Frank went to her bedside a month ago, and may return to Chicago before long. He has the sympathy of the Pas-a-Pas Club, and of his old friends.

Jane Addams was appointed a member of the Board of Education, by the Mayor of Chicago. Speaking of the famous Hull House, of which she is the founder, I wish to quote from the Hull House Bulletin the following piece:

"In the death of Mr. Samuel Jones, Mayor of Toledo, Hull House has lost a warm friend and familiar guest. On his last visit, Mrs. Jones and himself spent Sunday at the

House. As they stood in the hall taking leave, an old man, evidently a vagrant, came to the door. Mr. Jones looked at him with his comprehending sympathy, and then turning almost sternly to the resident, who was opening for the 'tramp,' he quoted from his favorite Tolstoy: 'We think that there are circumstances in which we can treat human beings without love, and there are no circumstances.'

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Lambe, daughter and son-in-law of Mr. E. Harden, of St. Louis, were guests of Dr. and Mrs. Dougherty. They called on Mrs. W. D. Edwards for a short time.

Ira Keller has gone to Pendleton, Ind., for two weeks' visit to his folks.

Mrs. Russell Smith, of Omaha, was entertained by Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Carter for a whole week. She spoke to the members of the Pas-a-Pas Club in behalf of the *Deaf American*, and received over twenty-five subscriptions to the paper. While here she discovered that two former agents of the *Deaf American* had deliberately defrauded Mr. Russell Smith out of about a hundred dollars.

The club held its monthly business meeting last night, and the usual reports were read and approved. President Regensburg invited Messrs. Martin and Coker, of Little Rock, Ark., to speak, and they said they were greatly pleased to meet so many deaf mutes in Chicago, and they enjoyed the delightful sight-seeing in this big city. The President, upon the motion of Mr. Gibson, appointed a committee of four members, Messrs. Kleinhaus, Morton, Brimble and Kaufman, to convey the sympathy and good wishes of the club to Mr. Charles T. Sullivan, who is still paralyzed in his right side.

Fanny Stein went to Round Lake, Ill., yesterday, to be gone for two weeks.

The lady members of the Auxiliary will hold its first monthly meeting, on Thursday afternoon, July 13th. What they are going to do, is a mystery to the writer.

The Literary Circle of the Pas-a-Pas Club had quite a large and interested audience on Saturday evening, June 24th. Mrs. Frank spoke on John D. Rockefeller, and Wm. B. Wayman on "The Beginning of the American Turf." Mrs. Watson related an extremely amusing patriotic story. Mr. Codman recited in his usual happy humor, an inspiring song entitled, "Admiral Dewey in Manila Bay." Messrs. Regensburg, Dougherty, and Mayer also gave short talks.

A pleasing reception in honor of the Messrs. Molohon and Stutsman, of Jacksonville, was given by Miss Anna Nessel, at her home, on Thursday evening, June 22d. About fifteen guests were present, and elegant refreshments were served.

Mr. and Mrs. Codman have gone to Paw Paw, Mich., to be guests of Mrs. Sonneborn and Mrs. Left in their own cosy cottage for two weeks.

The officers of the Circle were elected as follows: S. H. Howard, President; Wm. O'Donnell, Vice-President; Mrs. James Watson, Secretary.

Mrs. Gus Hyman returned home somewhat improved in health June 21st, after an absence of seven months, from the South.

Leo Holway and Perry Seely are home in Chicago for the summer from Gallaudet College.

Miss Anna Nessel expects to go to Rev. Cloud's home soon to study special courses for Gallaudet College under him. We all wish her much success.

S. H. HOWARD,
5646 Jefferson Ave.

CHURCH NOTICES.

THIRD SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY,
JULY 9TH.

St. Ann's Church, N. Y., 3:15 P.M.
St. Mark's Church, Brooklyn, 3 P.M.
Gallaudet Home, 10 A.M., Holy Communion.

Deafness an Advantage.

Former Attorney General Griggs of New Jersey was in attendance at a public meeting where the chief orator of the evening was a long winded individual who was quite deaf. He wore out the patience of everybody in the hall, and it seemed as if he would really never conclude his remarks. In the midst of it one committeeman turned to the other and said: "He really thinks that he is a splendid orator."

"It's a pity he's deaf," promptly rejoined the other. "If he could hear himself talk, it would very quickly cure him of that hallucination."

Married

At the residence of the bride's parents, at Lincoln, Neb., Wednesday, June 28th, Miss Ota Bell Crawford and Mr. Floyd F. Blankenship, the Rev. J. H. Cloud, of St. Louis, officiating.

New Jersey Deaf-Mute Society's Picnic.

Plans are being completed for the twelfth annual picnic and games of the New Jersey Deaf-Mute Society, to be held at Roseville Park, Newark, N. J., Saturday, July 8, 1905.

The events, in which, perhaps, twenty-five athletes will compete, will be as follows: One hundred yards dash, three-legged race (100 yards), one hundred yards dash (fat men weighing over 200 pounds) and tug-of-war. There will also be some events for ladies. Cash will be given to first and second men in each event, and prizes will be given to first and second ladies. The entrance fee to games will be very low for the men, while the events for ladies will be free.

The committee wishes those who intend to enter the events to let the committee know of that fact before July 8th. The games will be started as near to three o'clock as possible.

There will be a fine supper served at Roseville Park for the people who attend the picnic, at popular prices.

Please read the advertisement on the last page of this paper and find out how to reach Roseville Park, N. J., on July 8th. The last trains leave Roseville for New York, at 12:05 A.M., and 12:21 A.M.

THE COMMITTEE.

Silent Auctions of China.

To a stranger a Chinese auction is a most curious spectacle. The auctioneer leans over a slightly elevated counter and exhibits his wares. He says nothing, neither does the bidder, who merely steps forward to the auctioneer and runs his fingers up his sleeve, making pressure on the salesman's arm, thus indicating how much he will pay for the article. Then another and another repeat the action, until the one signifying the highest price receives the article without a word being exchanged on either side. Only the auctioneer and the successful bidder know the price offered and accepted.—*Lahore Tribune.*

Rev. J. W. Michaels, of Little Rock, Ark., was ordained Baptist minister for the deaf-mutes of that State over a year ago. Being deaf himself, and for many years a teacher of the deaf, he is prepared to do much good for this unfortunate class. He is much interested in the appointment of a missionary to the deaf in the bounds of the Southern Baptist Convention. Those interested in this good work can learn further particulars from him, his address being 103 Park Avenue, Little Rock, Ark.—*Reflector, Nashville, Tenn.*

Services for Deaf-Mutes.

JULY, 1905.
9-10:30 A.M., St. Andrew's, Boston. Holy Communion.
2:30 P.M., Grace Church, Providence, R.I.
11-3:30 P.M., N. E. Home, Allston. Holy Communion.
16-10:00 A.M., St. Andrew's, Boston.
4:00 P.M., New England Home, Allston.
23-10:30 A.M., St. Andrew's, Boston.
4:00 P.M., New England Home, Allston.
30-10:30 A.M., St. Andrew's, Boston.
4:00 P.M., St. Paul's, Brooklyn.
Services every Friday at 3:30 P.M., at New England Home, Allston.
S. STANLEY SEARING,
Diocesan Missionary to Deaf-Mutes,
664 Broadway, So. Boston, Mass.

ST. FRANCIS XAVIER'S.

Religious instructions and services are conducted every Sunday afternoon, in the chapel of St. Francis Xavier's College, 30 West 16th Street, New York, under the direction of the Rev. M. R. McCarthy, S. J.

JERSEY CITY—St. Peter's College Hall: Religious services at 3:30 P.M., on the first Sunday of every month, under the direction of Rev. M. R. McCarthy, S. J.

Albany and Troy Picnic

The deaf people of Eastern New York will hold their annual picnic at Electric Park, Kinderhook Lake, on Saturday, August 12th. Every one is urged to come. The round trip fare from Albany to the Park and return is only 40 cents.

Indiana's War on Cigarettes.

"What is the deaf march sounding for?" said Author on Parade.
"The cigarette, the cigarette," the Hoosier poet said.
"And what about the cigarette?" said Author on Parade.
"The legislature knocked it out," the Hoosier poet said.
"The dainty corn husk wrappers are burning left and right,
The fragrant corn silk flames are ablaze in bonfires bright,
There aren't many dope sticks in the whole broad state to-night,
And the few that's left will vanish in the morning."
"What are the writers now to do?" said Author on Parade.
"We'll have to try the corn-cob pipe," the Hoosier poet said.
"I cannot smoke a horrid pipe," said Author on Parade.
"Then you must smoke cigars or chew," the Hoosier poet said.
"For the cigarettes are going; we must chase 'em to the woods;
They're pinching every fellow who is captured with the goods;
The corn-cob nalls are going—we can paste that in our heads,
And the few that's left will vanish in the morning."
"What's that so black against the sun?" said Author on Parade.
"The smoke of stogies and cheroots," the Hoosier poet said.
"We'll lose our inspiration now," said Author on Parade.
"We'll have to smoke another brand," the Hoosier poet said.
"While writing future novels we'll have to bear in mind
The hero in his smoking room, no matter how refined,
Must never, never roll a pill, but like some common hind
Have his little pipe of bacy in the morning."

—*Milwaukee Sentinel.*

NEW YORK.

A Good Joke on a Printer

MR. HEIDSIEK SAILS.

News of All Sorts.

News items for this column should be sent direct to the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, Station M, New York.

On Fifty-Ninth Street, by Third Avenue, has stood the printing establishment of a well-known deaf townsman for ten years and over. He has seen and been victimized by all sorts of fakirs, and in his time has had enough experience to write a volume that might equal the "Innocents Abroad."

A most delightful reception and supper was given to Dr. Johnston by his deaf congregation before his departure on his journey around the world, at the Harlem Branch building of the Young Men's Christian Association, Tuesday evening, the 20th.

Now, to begin, Mr. Printer had been quite busy on this particular Saturday at the cutting machine, when in stalked a fellow master printer, Mr. Louis, of Fifth Avenue and 116th Street.

This "stranger" spoke to Mr. Printer, who in turn handed him paper and pencil, and made known in his usual way that he was deaf.

Mr. Louis had in the meantime stepped aside, so as not to interfere with or appear to be peeking into the business methods of a fellow business man.

Mr. Stranger, finishing writing, handed it to Mr. Printer. It read: "How much for 2000 note heads, 2000 letter heads, 4000 envelopes, 1000 small bill heads and 300 large ones?"

Mr. Printer wrote the prices opposite each, and they figured up \$24.25. To himself, he thought this a pretty good order for a Saturday, which is generally a dull day.

Then wrote Mr. Stranger: "How much off for cash in advance?" But Mr. Printer has a cast iron rule, and replied: "Do altogether a cash business here, so no discounts."

"When can you finish them?" asked Mr. Stranger. "Thursday," replied Mr. Printer, who now saw the job was his, and that the \$24.25 would be paid outright. He felt happy.

During the above conversation, Mr. Alex, the aforementioned photographer, had dropped in, and shook hands with Mr. Printer, thus interfering with him. But Mr. Alex was a customer of ten years' standing, and was revered, not only for his trade and money therefrom, but also because of twenty-four years' chumship, and therefore the interference was not resented.

Mr. Stranger observed Mr. Alex talking to Mr. Printer and Mr. Louis in the language of the deaf, and his language on this particular occasion was too loud. It soon became boisterous. Mr. Louis, like a gentleman and a good Samaritan, tried to restrain him, and told him plainly he looked like a crazy lunatic. During this side issue, Mr. Stranger displayed to Mr. Printer the ability to talk a little with his fingers, whose digits slowly spelled out, with nervous twitching to be expected of the novice: "C-a-n y-o-u r-e-a-d?"

Mr. Alex saw him spell it, and went at him and signed, "You mute?" He was again restrained, and Mr. Printer apologized to his new customer by explaining that he mistook for a mute because he could articulate on his hands. Mr. Stranger, who had looked bewildered,

ed, gave way to a faint smile, and resumed: "Well, do the best you can, and try to have them all done by Thursday," and into his pocket went one hand, but again Mr. Alex broke loose and poured forth an eulogy in the sign language to Mr. Stranger. Mr. Louis pushed him outside the door, and it was explained that Mr. Alex was affected by the heat. Mr. Printer started to write out a receipt of \$24.25, when followed one of the repeated scenes. Mr. Stranger couldn't hold his composure, and laughed like Mr. Printer had seen some nine years before.

It at once flashed on Mr. Printer. He slapped "Mr. Stranger" on the back, and spelled out rapidly: "Why, Mr. Lefevre! Glad to see you."

"Mr. L—! Good joke? Glad to meet you too, but didn't you really know me?"

"No, certainly not, shaved off your moustache?"

"Yes, long time ago."

"Well, you got rid of a hindrance in sipping, and as the joke is on me, we'll go over to Terrace Garden."

And there all went, except Mr. Louis, who went his way chuckling to himself that it didn't pay to keep open Saturday afternoons.

And Mr. Printer is willing to agree that he is out of an anticipated \$24.25, to which is added the cost of the soda water and ice-cream; while Mr. Alex engineered the whole thing as well as Mr. McDonald did the subway.

A birthday book that had taken several weeks of preparation, superintended by Mr. C. T. Hummer, was also given to Dr. Johnston, his birthday being the 29th of this month. It was beautifully bound in black morocco with gold lettering, and contained a slip from each of our members with appropriate expressions in their own handwriting, either selected or original, which will awaken pleasant memories years hence. A bouquet of Jacqueminets was handed Mrs. Johnston by the debonair chairman. The doctor, whom we have all learned to love well, made a little address, dwelling briefly on the four years of his work in connection with our Society, and thanked all feelingly for the tribute of love and friendship. It was the first time we had the pleasure of meeting Dr. Coffin, and he manifested kindly interest in our circle.

Mr. Johann Heidsiek, the celebrated German educator of the deaf, sailed on the Pretoria for home, on Saturday afternoon, July 1st. Among the deaf who gathered at the pier to wish him God-speed were Mr. and Mrs. William Liggins, Mr. George Lindeman, Mrs. Conzelmann, Mr. Werner and several others. Mr. Heidsiek came to this country for the benefit of his daughter's health, as the doctor had prescribed a sea voyage. The German deaf of New York wished to give a dinner in his honor, but Mr. Heidsiek declined.

On the Tuesday previous to his departure he was a guest at Mr. Liggins' home, as was also Dr. T. F. Fox. They had an enjoyable talk, Mrs. Liggins acting as interpreter. On the following day, Wednesday, Mr. and Mrs. Liggins took him on an automobile trip through the city and suburbs, during the course of which they were photographed in a group.

The quarterly communication of the Hollywood Fraternity of Deaf-Mutes was held on Saturday evening last, at the beautiful residence of Mr. Edwin L. Thomas, on Yonkers Avenue, Yonkers, N. Y. After the business session, Mr. William Thomas invited the members outdoors where all patis led to the summer house on the lawn, which was brilliantly decorated with large Chinese lanterns, all aglow with mellow light and iridescent colorings, American flags and bunting, the whole presenting a beautiful scene. In the summer house rested a table that was well stocked with eatables, including lobster, salad and plain, sandwiches of various kinds, and fruits of the season. These were disposed of with the aid of santernes and a tempting bowl of punch, capped at the end with fragrant Havanans, and a vote of thanks to the host, William Thomas.

The fraternity was also grateful to Mr. Edwin L. Thomas, Miss Martha Curran and Miss Mattie Thomas, father, aunt and sister of the host, who rendered many services and looked to the comfort of the guests.

Lily Capelli, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Anthony Capelli, who is only six years old, on Friday last at the close of her first year in school was awarded second prize in a class of fifty-two girls, whose ages ranged from six to eleven years. The first prize was won by a girl eleven years old. In the Fall she will be in the Fifth Primary. Quite creditable for one so young.



LILY CAPELLI, Six years old.

June 28th marked Mr. and Mrs. Theo. I. Lounsbury's fifteenth wedding anniversary, and although they had abandoned plans of celebrating the event in a befitting manner, several of their immediate friends and relatives remembered the event, and took occasion to either send presents or call in person. Their oldest son, George, now quite fourteen, will enter the high school course at the Sixty-Third Street Grammar School in the fall, and expects to graduate the following June, but will enter some higher school. After the Fourth, he goes to Stamford, Conn., and later on to Greenport, L. I., for a month.

Alfred Klomme, once a resident of this city for several years, and a member of the Quad Club, now the League of Elect Surds, was appointed a delegate from his home city, Aachen, Germany, to the German Deaf-Mutes' Congress, in Leipzig, June 12th-15th. In a letter to Herman Eschert, he sends his compliments to his American friends.

Mr. and Mrs. A. A. Barnes and their two daughters are spending the summer with Mr. Gilbert Hicks, at Old Westbury, L. I. Mr. Barnes commutes daily to and from New York, but will get a respite from duty in the Money Order Department about the middle of August.

Mr. Hippolyte Montille sailed for France on July 5th, to be gone for some time. He came to this country from Paris five years ago, and has had steady employment as a sculptor ever since. He did considerable work for the Pan American and the Louisiana Purchase expositions.

Messrs. Stevens, Stryker, Mitchell, Stern and Renner, took in the outing of the employees of Bradstreets, which was held on Staten Island last Saturday, and report a glorious time. Henry Bennermann, who is also employed there, was unable to attend, but presented the pioneers with a League Ball.

Mr. and Mrs. Julius F. Lang, of Lynn, Mass., are in New York visiting friends. In company of Mr. and Mrs. McNeill, of Boston, Mrs. Gilmartin and Miss Onell, of Brooklyn, they visited the New York Institution last Monday.

Mr. J. C. Reilly, who last summer underwent an operation in J. Hood Wright Hospital, wishes to let his friends know that he is still much alive. He will be at the League of Elect Surds' Picnic on August 5th, when he expects to meet all his friends.

Mrs. A. H. Kohlmetz and children are in Ridgefield, N. J., for a week. Later in the summer, their oldest boy Albert goes to Greenport, L. I., for several weeks. Mr. Kohlmetz is still plugging along at his business.

Mr. J. S. Williamson, of Binghamton, N. Y., is in this city for a short stay. He says the deaf in Binghamton and vicinity are enthusiastically over the Elmira convention and will attend in a body.

Prof. Sidney I. Vail, of Indianapolis, is in the East for the summer. He is at present visiting his married daughter in New Jersey, but will meet his New York friends before long.

Mrs. Changnon (nee Bella Ben-singer) has been in town for the past three weeks. Her husband is still in Chicago, but will come to this city if he can get steady employment.

Mrs. H. J. Haight has been sojourning by the sad sea waves at Atlantic City for the past three weeks. She is now domiciled at Park Hill, N. Y.

Messrs. Mona M. Lesser and Marcus Marks, who just graduated from the Lexington Avenue School, have gone to Camp Chorna, at Tamworth, Me.

William Scott Abrams went into a restaurant for his mid-day meal. When he had finished his repast he reached for his hat only to find "the lid had been lifted."

Mr. Samuel Frankenheim spent the Fourth of July at Asbury Park. He went there the preceding Saturday and had a good time.

Philip Eichelsler, formerly of this city, has been working for the Weber Piano Company, at Worcester, Mass., since April 17th.

Miss Eva Wachs has just returned to town from Atlantic City, where three weeks were enjoyably passed.

Mr. James FitzGerald will spend the summer at Lake St. Catherine, Vt., whither he goes with his family.

Mrs. Emma Brown has returned from a three weeks' visit to her grandson, at Peekskill, N. Y.

Arthur C. Bachrach spent the Fourth with friends at Asbury Park.

HOW SHALL THEY HEAR?

To the Brethren—The Home Mission Board of the Southern Baptist Convention has under consideration the establishment of a General Baptist Missionary for the Deaf and Dumb of the great Southland. It is proposed that the board appoint a missionary, versed in the language of the deaf—the sign-language—and one who has grown up among them and understands their ways and whims, to fill the position. And his duties be that of ministering to all the deaf in the field of the Southern Convention, to form Bible classes wherever there are deaf people in sufficient numbers, which is the case in most cities, and to preach to them as often as time will permit. The needs of this is manifold. One of the saddest things, perhaps the very saddest, connected with the lives of the majority of our deaf people is that when they have graduated and left their school they are cut off almost entirely from religious worship and in many cases from all sound, helpful counsel and direction, concerning this and the life to come. While in school they enjoy church and Sabbath School privileges and when in trouble or perplexed in mind or heart have near them and accessible at all times those who can advise them and help them out of their distress. Thus troubles which would otherwise weigh upon them heavily, perhaps dishearten them, are soon dispelled and the mind is clear and the heart lightened and made ready to meet and cope with new difficulties. All of us need just such help at times. But after the deaf have finally severed their connection with school life and returned to their homes, they sadly miss all this needed help, and in many cases, I am sorry to say, grow careless and indifferent, in fact retrograde.

How can they help it? The people with whom they are surrounded and among whom they live, even their own families, in many cases, cannot converse with them in their language. They have no time, they say, to learn this language and they are entirely too busy to stop and have written conversation with their deaf friends or relatives. It is too much trouble altogether, and as a rule the pencil and the pad are resorted to only when necessity compels their use. What more is to be expected of a deaf man or woman so surrounded, than that he or she will soon become more or less indifferent and regardless of the science of true living here on earth and salvation for the soul hereafter? They cannot be benefited by attending churches of the hearing, and even though their families are religiously inclined, and hold family prayers they cannot enter into the worship or take any part in it. Because of their deafness and the small attention usually paid them, though members of the family in one sense, are nevertheless a thing apart, an outsider in fact. The honored president of the National Association of the Deaf, and as such chairman of the World's Congress of the Deaf, Prof. George W. Veditz, of Colorado, wrote to our Brother Love concerning this need of a missionary to the unfortunate class as follows: "The deaf need it. Their affliction is such that they are more or less isolated, and have to do without the consolations of religion, even where churches are near at hand and hearing pastors and brethren are interested and ready to extend a helping hand. The sermon, the prayer, are all by word of mouth, and literally to 'ears that hear not' even though the possessors of these 'estopped ears' hunger and thirst for guidance to closer communion with their

Creator and Savior. But a missionary who understands their language, who can bring the message of the gospel to the eye instead of to the ear, will be to them as he whose message was as a voice from the wilderness, I earnestly hope your board will see the way clear to the establishment of such a mission. I cannot conceive how any other action on your part can be fraught with greater blessing."

But to go back to my remark that the deaf-mute is an outsider, almost an outcast, even in his own family, and that he is in danger of retrograding and going from bad to worse, it is plain to be seen and easy to be told. Every community has its evil influences, never sleeping always at work. The creators of these evil influence, strange to say as a rule take more interest in the deaf neighbor or neighbors than do the church people, yea, in many cases than do their own families. These doers of evil, directed by the evil one, exert themselves often to entertain and interest the unsuspecting deaf, innocent and fresh from the healthy, Christian atmosphere of their school life, and as does a snake before capturing and devouring its prey, slowly but surely, they charm them into total indifference as to all danger.

My long connection with the deaf as a teacher and one who has for years given most of his spare time ministering to the unfortunate class has convinced me that no class of people on earth need a spiritual friend and adviser more than do the deaf after leaving school and who are scattered all over the country. Such a messenger, as a missionary, sent among them could talk to them in their own language; advise them when troubles and difficulties confront them; warn them as to impending dangers, smooth their pathway; counsel and comfort them in the dark hours of grief; settle their differences; in short, be their loving friend, their guide and staff in Christ's name.

Otherwise what can we expect? Without such help our foundation work in the schools will in many cases be in vain, for souls will actually starve and die for want of the proper food to feed upon, and it were less cruel and heartless to leave them alone in their blissful ignorance in the first place, rather than take them, kindle in their hearts and souls a yearning a hunger and a thirst for the good things of God, that satisfy, bless and save and then leave them alone in their misery; helpless, to pine and die, starved to death for the want of proper spiritual guidance. Brethren, let us arise to our duty in this regard.

Send missionaries to the heathen lands if you can, but first let us remember their needs and send out to the deaf of this beautiful Southland—the land of the Baptists—and to all the Union, a friend, a missionary, one suited to this great work and one who will for Christ's sake work to save and elevate these unfortunate people and children of God.

"How many deaf people are there?" "Are there enough deaf people to justify a missionary for them?" would you ask? I have to say the latest statistics put the deaf population of the United States at 45,000! Of this number 10,000 are still in the schools for the deaf, each State having one or more schools for them. In the Southern States there are between 14,000 and 18,000 of the total number of deaf-mutes in the States. The deaf generally flock to the cities, especially to the manufacturing ones, where they can secure employment. In cities the size of Little Rock with a population of about 40,000, there are usually between 20 and 50 deaf residents and in such cities as St. Louis and Cincinnati there are as many as 300 or 400, and in cities like Chicago and New York, there are thousands of them. Statistics also gives one deaf-mute to every 1,600 of population.

I as their friend, and deaf like them, do appeal to all sympathizing brethren to lend a helping hand to establish this Baptist mission for the unfortunate class. This mission started, it will soon be seen that, as it is here in Arkansas, all the States need a minister, especially for the deaf, one who can devote his entire time to them. The needs known, do you think the good Baptist people will longer let them go without a spiritual adviser? I opine not. One colporteur or minister for the deaf of each State would cost the State perhaps a few hundred dollars, but that would be a small item compared with the great good done in the "Lora's vineyard" for them. I am fraternally yours.

J. W. MICHAELS, Baptist Missionary to the Deaf of Arkansas.

Baked Bacon.

If you find fried bacon objectionable and indigestible try this way: Place thin strips of bacon, after removing the rind, on a broiler. Put the broiler above a pan so that the grease will not touch the bacon and put it all in a hot oven; turn the broiler once. The oven should be hot enough to cook it in five minutes. The bacon is then so crisp and so greaseless that it can be eaten with the fingers.

OHIO.

A Wedding in the Institution Chapel.

KIHM LIKES APPLAUSE.

Another June Wedding.

[News items for this column may be sent to our Ohio News Bureau, care of Mr. A. B. Greene, 908 Franklin Ave., Columbus, O.]

July 1, 1905.—The chapel of the Institution, Tuesday evening, was filled with friends to witness the wedding of Mrs. Charles Grosvenor Bond and Miss Bertha Gildersleeve Patterson, which took place at eight o'clock.

Palms as a background decorated the altar or rather the stage, and formed a pleasing object. Miss Charlotte Robinson played the piano, and Mr. Bert Eagleson the violin. At the appointed time, the wedding party entered to the strains of music, the bride escorted by her father and with her attendants coming down the main aisle, the groom and his best man entering from the east door and meeting his bride at the altar. Rev. W. S. Eagleson read the marriage ceremony, using the double ring ceremony.

A reception followed in the library of the institution. Frances G. Patterson, sister of the bride, was maid of honor, and her brother, Robert G., was one of the ushers. The bride was the recipient of many beautiful and useful presents. The party left here early Wednesday morning for Brooklyn, N. Y., where their future home will be, going by way of Cleveland, Buffalo and down, by way of the picturesque Hudson.

The Columbus Dispatch, Monday evening, in its Observation Column had the following: "Does George Kihm know when the crowds are applauding him? He's a deaf-mute, of course, as everybody knows, and must depend on signs for his knowledge of outside affairs. The question was put at him recently, and Kihm readily answered it in his way that he always knew and enjoyed it as much as anybody. The quick movement of applauding hands is, in its way, sweet music to him. He really enjoys the game, and gets as much gratification out of it as anybody who is in full possession of all his senses."

By the way, Kihm has not been playing for several games, and those not on the inside wondered at the cause. The trouble is a sore arm. In some way, probably by being hit by a pitched ball, a blood vessel was ruptured, and as a result, his arm from the elbow to the shoulder is a black hue. The doctor thinks he will have to lay off for a week.

We cannot recall of ever heard of a deaf and dumb horse, though we have heard of cats and dogs being thus afflicted. One day last week, in the southern part of this county, lightning pierced a barn in which two horses were confined. No damage was done to the building but one of the horses was killed outright and the other was rendered deaf and dumb. Both were valuable animals. It was certainly a queer freak of the elements. Since the accident to the horse, it has been discovered that its eyesight is slowly failing. So there will be on record a deaf, dumb and blind horse.

Harry Leonard, of Springfield, was placed in the Home for Aged and Infirm Deaf, on the 28th, making the 23d attendance there now.

Miss Ina Lohr, of London, O., returned here Monday, from a ten days' visit to her friend, Miss Olivia Baldwin, of Ravenna, O. She is now the guest of Miss Bessie McFadden, of this city.

Mrs. Mary Dundon, of Pleasant Ridge, near Cincinnati, O., came up Sunday, and was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Neutzling until Tuesday, when she left for Bellaire, O., for a visit to Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Corbett.

The following is being sent out from here:

Gentle Reminder to our Friends. Before Easter we mailed you an Appeal in behalf of the Home for the Deaf, soliciting from you a small contribution of money to enable the Board of Managers to make important improvements in the sanitary arrangement of the Home.

We trust you are in sympathy with our endeavors and are willing to help us with contributions of small sums from ten cents up, according to your ability and interest in the Home. You also may ask your friends to help the cause.

We have already received contributions from many to whom we sent appeals, and are anxious to hear from others, as the amount we have received to date is not sufficient to cover the improvements contemplated. No doubt, they are perfectly willing to help us, but being busy, they have either delayed or forgotten.

It is not too late now to lend a helping hand. Money may be sent in the coin card, and addressed envelope any time from now on, and we will gratefully acknowledge all receipts by mail at the earliest opportunity.

Yours fraternally, W. H. ZORN, C. W. CHARLES, A. H. SCHRYER, Ways and Means Committee of the Home for the Deaf, COLUMBUS, O., June 29, 1905.

Still another June wedding of deaf people to report. This time

its a union of Canada and Ohio. Wednesday forenoon, Mr. Walter Wark and Mrs. James H. Smith were joined in the bonds of wedlock at the home of the bride in the southern part of the city. It was a quiet affair, only the immediate relatives of the bride being present. A hearing minister performed the ceremony, and after its solemnization the happy couple left on their honeymoon for Dayton and points near there. The harness factory where Mr. Wark is employed could not spare him for a long vacation, as he is the only person in the concern that could run the machine he is engaged on and work at this time is brisk there. Mr. Wark was educated in the Belleville, Ontario, and Flint, Mich., schools for the deaf, and came here several years ago, where he has since been employed in the same harness factory. He is a sober and industrious gentleman, and has made friends with all the deaf in town. His bride received her education in the school here, and is well fitted to be his helpmeet.

Mr. Matt Woolley, brother of Mrs. Mary Dundon, died suddenly near Pleasant Ridge, recently, from paralysis.

The father of Thomas F. Goldsmith, residing at Grove City, near here, died the first of the week. He was one of the pioneers of the village and had been its assessor continuously for 27 years. He was about 75 years of age at the time of his death.

Miss Swift, class of '05, Gallaudet College, was the guest this week of Miss Ethel Zell. She left for her home, Salt Lake City, Utah, yesterday.

Mr. John O. Winemiller took advantage of low railroad rates on account of the Democratic State convention here this week, and visited Columbus friends for several days.

Miss Jane Campbell, of Lewis Center, was down in Columbus this week, visiting friends and doing shopping.

A. B. G.

FANWOOD.

Those at the Institution received a shock on Saturday afternoon, when it was learned that Albert Dempsey had died in the morning, at 6:10 o'clock, of quick consumption. His health had been failing for some time, but when he left for his home in Rondont, N. Y., his friends and schoolmates hoped to see him fully restored to health, but now comes the sad news of his death, which will be keenly felt by the teachers and schoolmates, among whom he was a general favorite, making every one feel jovial and good-natured. He came to this school several years ago, and his intelligence and advancement was something wonderful for a boy totally deaf. But now the cold grip of death has laid him in his grave, and pupils arriving for the Fall session will find a pleasant face among them missing. May his soul rest in peace!

Principal Enoch Henry Currier returned to his summer home at Essex, Essex Co., after transacting some important business which called him here.

Mr. Emil Mehl, head tutor of the boys, is now on his vacation. He says he will make a trip through the leading cities in neighboring States. The writer joins in wishing him a pleasant trip.

Miss Agnes Craig, beloved tutor of the girls, has gone on her vacation, which she intends to spend in Philadelphia part of the time, and the balance on Long Island. The girls miss their beloved tutor very much.

Mr. and Mrs. Wilcox, our steward and matron respectively, are missing from here. Upon inquiry it was ascertained that they had both gone and are resting after laboring much for the benefit of the Institution. Their destination is a sojourn among the Adirondack Mountains.

Mr. Anthony Capelli assistant instructor in the Printing Office, is having a two weeks rest from his onerous duties.

O. L.

NOTICE.

WILKINSBURG, Pa., June 16, 1905.

The annual meeting in convention of the Pennsylvania Society for the Advancement of the Deaf, will be held at Lebanon, on Wednesday, Thursday and Friday, August 23d, 24th and 25th, 1905.

Full information concerning the meeting will be announced later by the Committee of Arrangements.

G. M. TEEGARDEN, B. R. ALLABOUGH, Secretary, President.

PICNIC.

The Reading Deaf-Mutes will hold their annual picnic July 22d, 1905, at Spring Valley Park. From Philadelphia & Reading depot walk one square west to Sixth, there take either Allentown, Temple or Kutztown car and get off at Spring Valley Park. From the Pennsylvania depot walk up Penn Street to Sixth, and take same cars. Round trip fare, 10 cents. All welcome! Come all!

Not Guilty.

Lester Barnes, who carries the mail between Owosso depots and the post-office, was raised in Byron, and of course, went to school there. The teacher, because of Lester's innate and enormous capacity for mischief, could not be persuaded that Lester went to school for any other purpose than to make her life miserable.

A farmer who lived near the school had a feud on his hands all the time with the boys because of their liking for his fruit. One day his cow, pastured on the road, strayed a short distance, and fell into the hands of the enemy, to come mournfully home with the brushy bunch of hair at the end of her tail shaven cleanly off.

There was a row next morning, and the likely candidates were called onto the carpet by the teacher and the irate cow owner. Young Barnes was the first one interrogated.

"Lester," said the teacher, sternly, "did you shave that cow's tail?"

"No, ma'am!"

"I believe you're lying; did you know it was done?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Aha! Did you see it done?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Lester, I am grieved to think that you would tell a falsehood. I'll give you another chance; did you shave that cow's tail?"

"No, ma'am!"

"Do you mean to say you had nothing to do with it?"

"Oh, no, ma'am; I haven't said that."

"Well, for mercy's sake, what did you have to do with it?"

"I held the cow!"—*Press American.*

Paper Boat.

In Vienna a paper boat, sixteen feet long, has been built out of the back numbers of a leading daily paper of that city. Hull, spars and sails have all been made from the pulped brains of the literary staff. Four hundred thousand copies of this journal will make a yacht—sails and all.

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[See time table, New York and Roseville Stations.]

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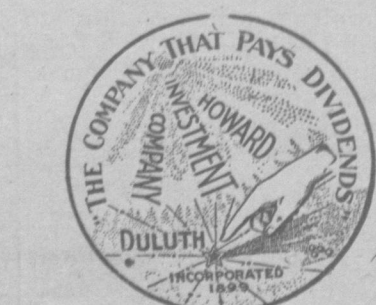
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